

Titled @riminals Now Wearing the Garb of @nvincTs.

Convict garb is now worn by a large number of princes and great nobles in the Old World, a fact called to mind by the sensational trial not long ago of Prince Charles of Loos-Cooswarem, scion of the formerly sovereign house of that name, on charges of forgery and fraud.

In olden times this strange anomaly could have been impossible, since the mere fact of being branded as a felon on the shoulder and forehead, and having occupied a seat in the galleys, carried with it the loss of all nobility privileges, titles and prerogatives.

It is in Italy and Russia that instances of this kind are the most frequent, owing, in all probability, to these two countries being afflicted with a larger number of princes than any other. Thus, at the great penitentiary of Maddelena, near Naples, there are two Sicilian princes who are dukes as well, namely, Don Francesco and Don Pietro de Villarsa-Notarbartolo, who are undergoing a term of penal servitude for the cowardly murder of a young infantry lieutenant named Leoni, who was betrothed to their sister, the Princess Katarina. The assassination took place at Palermo, in the magnificent Villarsa palace owned by them, and where they had invited the young officer to dine in the most friendly manner. After dinner, and after Leoni had broken bread with them, the princes took his life by stabbing him in the back as he was about to leave the palace.

The trial was to have taken place at Palermo, but the two princes, like many other great Sicilian nobles, were affiliated with the Mafia, which rendered it absolutely impossible for the Government to secure witnesses for the prosecution or jurors willing to risk their fortunes and their lives by rendering a just verdict. It therefore became necessary to change the venue to Naples, where, owing to the relations that exist between the Sicilian Mafia and the Neapolitan Camorra, conviction was obtained with only the utmost difficulty.

Another prince confined in the same convict prison is the Prince and Duke of Caracciolo di Bella, sentenced to ten years at hard labor for the murder of his wife. The latter, a woman considerably younger than himself, was renowned for her beauty and wealth. The Princess Regina d'Avalos, which was her maiden name, was regarded as the greatest heiress in Southern Italy. Orphaned at an early age, Regina had already witnessed one sanguinary tragedy before she had attained her fourteenth year. In her presence an aunt—a woman of the most incredible violence of temper—had shot down and killed in cold blood one of her farm bailiffs, who had been guilty of some gross insolence.

When Regina grew up, it was determined that she should marry, and the bridegroom chosen was a lieutenant in the navy, who was a brother of her aunt's husband. On the morning of the wedding day, however,

the lieutenant was found in his apartment with his brains blown out and a revolver by his side. It was a clear case of suicide, but no explanation was ever vouchsafed as to the cause of his act, most extraordinary rumors being current on the subject.

Eighteen months later the young Princess married Caracciolo di Bella. But the union was an unhappy one. Hence, when one day the Princess was poisoned, leaving a will in which she bequeathed every cent of her immense fortune to the husband whom she detested, suspicion was naturally aroused against him on the discovery that the drug that caused her death had been purchased by him, he was arrested on a charge of murder, convicted and sentenced to a term of penal servitude.

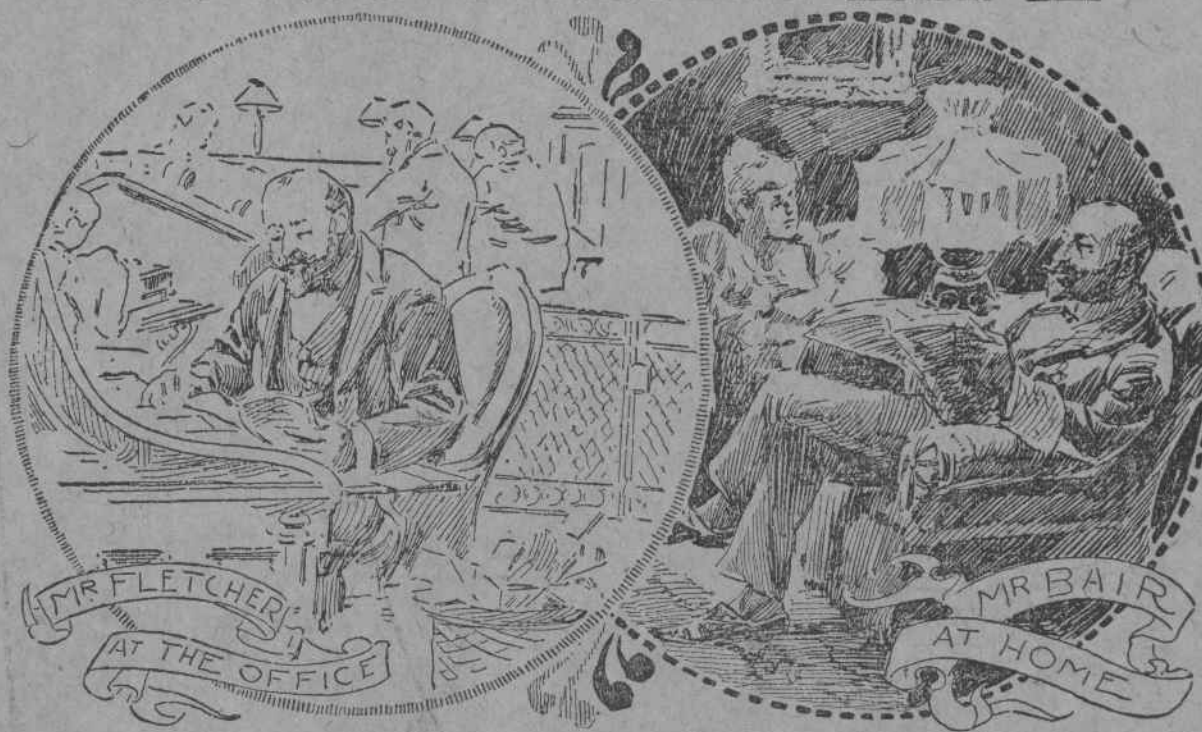
There are at least a score of princes—Neapolitan, Sicilian and Roman—doing time, not including those half dozen or more who are paying the same penalty for complicity in Socialist and Anarchist outrages who, although treated as ordinary felons, may be regarded as political prisoners.

Prince Erlstoff de Courie, whose title is of the most authentic character, and several of whose relatives occupy offices of great dignity at the court of Russia, served two years in a German penitentiary for frauds committed at Berlin, and subsequently underwent six months' imprisonment in France for offenses of a similar character. He likewise suffered the ignominy of arrest in England for swindling, in spite of all which he was received with open arms by New York society, the German Ambassador, Count Arco, who was in happy ignorance of his criminal antecedents, actually giving dinners and luncheons in his honor and officiating as his social sponsor. He was on the point of contracting a wealthy marriage in this city when he was unmasked in the nick of time by a London club man, who had known something of his previous history and whose statements were by the most fortunate of chances verified by the Scotland Yard detective, Inspector Jarvis, who happened to be in New York after other game, but who had been the very man to clap the handcuffs on the Prince's wrists in England.

There have been rumors of late that Prince Nicholas Savine, formerly lieutenant of the Chevalier Garde de l'Imperial at St. Petersburg, has succeeded in effecting his escape from Saghalien, and that he is now in this country. Six years ago he was sentenced by the courts of St. Petersburg to penal servitude for life for a long succession of crimes, comprising arson, forgery and fraud of the most colossal dimensions.

Prince Bartenleff, an officer of Hussars and son of the well-known statesman and Marshal of the Court of Emperor Alexander II., is now on the point of completing his term in Siberia, but in the great Lake Eliza to the east of St. Petersburg, a term of eight years' penal servitude for the murder of a Polish actress at Warsaw. He blew her brains out in a fit of jealousy when about to bid farewell to her, previous to their final parting. It was solely the late Czar's appreciation of the long and faithful service of his father that saved him from death.

THE STRANGE STORY OF A DOUBLE LIFE



DOWN underneath the flesh and bones of a great city—its commerce and its open life—is a thin line of arteries winding in and out, coming within a hair's breadth of its surface at times. Prick the skin at precisely the right spot, and a stream of brilliant blood spurts out, with all the force of a hidden spring. This blood of a city is the real life of its men and women, lives that are untold, save when they are pricked by chance, and the secret stands revealed.

No one can say that he knows his neighbor, or the man whose elbow he touches during working hours. Each man thinks he does, but the convolutions of life are too deep and too uncertain to gauge. A wonderful and a strange, complex organism is a great city, and startling romances are buried in its depths.

The arteries that are its true throbbings and pulsings, no man knows, hidden until something happens to whimsically reveal a tightly locked secret. One dramatic moment the other night—the death of a man in a cab—laid bare a strange fantasy of real life, a story that seems almost a fiction of fact, of how one man for months lived as two, and none knew it, or even suspected.

He had not two personalities, but two selves. In the day at his desk he was one man, at night another, the same in physical contour, in thought and in action, but yet different. It seems a weird story of transmutation at the hands of evil spirits, but in reality it is a simple drama. To-day in New York other men are living double lives, unnoticed and unsuspected in the glare and the touch and go of the metropolis. Only chance will reveal these, too, if indeed these secrets ever do come to light.

At a desk downtown, in the office of the great commercial establishment of Henry Richter & Sons, No. 827 Broadway, sat, day after day, managing with shrewd zeal and a firm grip of business detail, Jacob Fletcher. Good managers, men of keen perception, tact and energy, are hard to find, even in overcrowded New York. But Fletcher was one of these rare men. As owner of a business he might not have been a success in life, but as a manager of affairs he was invaluable. Everybody in the trade in which he played so important a part liked Fletcher, and everybody knew him.

At 5 o'clock of an evening he would pull down the roll top of his desk with a bang, and, reaching for his hat and coat, start for uptown. Cheery nods and cries of "Good night, Mr. Fletcher," would greet him on every hand as he passed out into the street that had the dusk of evening already falling upon it. The newboy on the corner knew him by name, the bookblack, and even the ticket seller and boxman at the "N." station he invariably went to could have identified him readily, so well did they know his face.

The thundering trains that rolled uptown each night had Jacob Fletcher for their passenger—Jacob Fletcher, mercantile manager—and many were the friends he nodded to and chatted with while swinging from a strap in the dim light of the oil lamp. As Jacob Fletcher he walked each night down the steps of the station at West Sixty-sixth street, still the man of affairs of the firm of Richter.

But as his feet leave the last step of the stairway and he comes out into the up-town street, in a flash, in the fraction of a moment, he becomes Jacob Bair, of No. 62 West Sixty-fifth street. The same man that has mysteriously given orders during the day, that has just ridden uptown on the "N." now hears himself greeted on every hand as "Mr. Bair." He steps into the dingy, mirrored and glittering cafe on the corner, and the white aproned man behind the polished mahogany smiles at him pleasantly with evening greeting, for he recognizes in him a customer of money and one willing to spend it—Bair, who lives in apartments on the block just below. Men of the locality drift in as he stands there, and this being of two selves is half fellow well met with them, known on every hand as Jacob Bair.

It is early yet, some minutes to dinner time, and coming out of the saloon he steps into one after another of the shops that supply his household. His employers would stare in surprise did they see him now, for Fletcher, their confidential clerk, in their employ for fifteen years, is no longer Fletcher, but jolly, whole-souled Jacob Bair, whose business life nobody ever thinks of looking into, for the reason that he pays his bills promptly and is a good customer. The shopkeepers, rubbing their hands together, come forward and inquire deferentially as to the health of Mr. Bair. With a wave of the hand he tells them he is well, and now there a score of different articles that are to be sent to the apartment at once.

Up in this apartment a fair-haired woman awaits his home-coming. Diamonded as to her fingers and with jewels about her neck, she stands lavishly and showily garbed as she hears his latch key turn in the lock. The elevator boy, the janitor, have both greeted the prosperous tenant, Bair, who never seems to lack funds. And they pass between themselves compliments on Mrs. Bair's form and clothes.

At the theatre and among his social friends he is Bair. The night settles down and evening hours speed away. He wakes up in the morning still the same Jacob Bair, eats his breakfast, and traverses once more the short two blocks to the train that will carry him back to Broadway.

And then it is again that the transformation occurs. With the first touch of his foot upon the steps of the stairway that leads to the track he is Jacob Fletcher once more, manager and confidential clerk, with his name and personality of Bair left behind up in Sixty-fifth street.

How and why? That is a question for the Supreme Judge of all to answer on the Day of Judgment. It matters not why or for what reason Fletcher-Bair made himself into two men. The strange, weird reality of it is that he should have been able to have kept his peculiar secret so long and that it should have been his sudden death that finally revealed it.

He drove uptown in a cab, and there was no time for the transformation to be played. At the door of the Sturtevant House his business friend Charles Beck left him, telling the driver to go post haste to the Hotel Metropole. Fletcher was intoxicated then and nearly in a stupor. Between the two hotels he died.

An hour later the final scene in the tragedy that unmasked such a peculiar secret was enacted. The pretty woman known uptown as Mrs. Bair stopped into the Metropole parlors. Sealskin enveloped her generous form and diamonds glistened in her ears. An attache of the house, calling her by name, asked what she was downtown for.

"I am trying to find Mr. Fletcher," she said.

Then they broke the news to her of Fletcher's sudden death. In that instant the house of cards was swept away and the mystery of Fletcher-Bair's life was laid bare, in its curious, grim and wonderful details.



Yachting and Yachts for the Season of 1896.

Those who have made up their minds that the Dunraven fiasco of 1895 is going to spoil the yachting season of 1896 in America, will wake up on the morning of July 4, when one of the chief racing events of the year takes place—the annual regatta of the Larchmont Yacht Club—and wonder where all the boats come from.

Talk as they may, it is a fact that more yachts are being built to race and to cruise during the season of 1896 than ever before in the history of yachting in this country. According to actual count the boats being built up to date are no less than 171, of which 23 are steamers, 7 schooners, 107 sloops, 6 auxiliary yachts and 11 cat boats. Of the 107 sloops, 67 are what are known as half raters, the new racing class that is bound to be popular next summer. There are also 22 boats for the new 30-foot racing class. The balance is made up of yawls and launches.

Five of the steamers, the largest of all, have been built in English yards for their American owners, who evidently believe they can get a better article for their money over there. That would seem to be the logical conclusion, but it does not really stand investigation, for it is conceded that American steam yachts of the present day are quite as handsome and speedy as any that have been imported. Peter A. B. Widener's new steam yacht Josephine, designed by Lewis Nixon, for instance, so successfully launched from his Crescent shipyard at Elizabeth the other day, will, when completed, compare favorably with any product of a British yard in point of beauty, speed and comfort.

Another handsome steam yacht of 1896 will be the big one just plated up at the Erie Basin. She is being built for M. C. D. Borden of this city, from the designs of J. Beaver Webb. Down at Bath, Me., two splendid boats have been built—the Hlawahia, for Eugene Tompkins, of Boston, and the Peregrine, for Ralph H. White, of the same city. The former measures 129 feet over all and the latter 158 feet.

Richard Stevens has had a very fine yacht built for him at Roach's yard, Chester, Pa., from designs by Gardner & Cox. She is 140 feet over all. The Seabury, up at Nyack, have built one of the same dimensions for J. P. Duncan, of this city. She is called the Kanawha. One for Charles Fleischmann, from the same yard, was recently christened Hlawahia. She measures 135 feet. Still another of the Seaburys is the Mayfair, an eighty-five footer.

E. S. Hewitt is having a 120-foot steamer built at Port Jefferson by James M. Baylis.

Of the British built steam yachts, the Areturus is a fine one. Messrs. Ramage & Ferguson are building her at Leith from designs of St. Clair Byrne. She was launched in October, 1895, and is now ready for her owner, Rutherford Stuyvesant, of New York. From George L. Watson's design, J. & G. Thompson, at Clydebank, are turning out a magnificent steam yacht for Ogden Goelt and his brother Robert. She will be the largest of all, it is

said, being about 1,700 tons register, and measuring 311 feet over all. A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, is having a 230-foot water line boat built at Troon, Scotland. She is to be a twin-screw yacht, and very fast.

Eugene Higgins, of New York, has also gone almost to limit on a steam yacht. The one that A. & J. Inglis have built for him, at Glasgow, from Watson's design, is 200 feet on the water line, and a veritable floating palace, it is said.

David Dowd, Jr., of this city, has also a splendid 247-ton steel steam yacht constructed by the Cramps at Philadelphia. She is called Thespie, and she will be commanded by Captain Withey, who superintended her construction. On her trial she did not come up to contract speed. Captain Withey insisted on better work, and he got it.

F. W. Morgan, of Chicago, has departed from the beaten rule in yacht building in the vessel that the Racine Boat Works are building for him. She is constructed like a ram, having a water line length of 140 feet and being ten feet shorter over all. She has engines that will drive her eighteen knots, and she is to be fitted almost exactly the same as a man-of-war, so that she can be turned into a cruiser, with guns mounted in their proper places at short intervals. A somewhat similar yacht, only of the torpedo boat type, is the Onondaga, designed by Gardner & Cox last year for F. C. Dinnany, Jr. She is 140 feet over all, and 132 feet on the water line.

While the cup defender Colonia can hardly be classed as a new boat now, she is coming out in a brand-new schooner rig, with a suit of sails that ought to drive her very fast through the water. Cary Smith says she'll go, and he ought to know, for he has designed her sail plan and fitted a centerboard in her.

Just how fast she will be remains to be seen, but it is safe to say that her new owner, Clarence Postley, will leave nothing undone to make her give a good account of herself in a breeze. Her special rival in these waters will be J. Rogers Maxwell's schooner Emerald, and when these two meet the race will be worth going a long way to see.

At East Boston, Martin is finishing up a sixty foot schooner for Herbert Foster Otis, but aside from these there are not many two stickers building for racing. There are several auxiliary schooners under way, and Cary Smith has turned out an extremely handsome yawl of 65 feet over all, and 43 feet water line for Chester Chapin, of the New York Yacht Club. She was built down at Tampa, Fla.

Two thirty foot sloops will be seen from William Gardner's design, and at least a dozen of that dimension from the Herreshoff at Bristol. These boats are to be built from the same mould, and when the time comes the men who have ordered them, will draw lots for them. When they race, which will be every week after the season opens on Long Island Sound or the bay, the man who shows himself the best amateur skipper is the one who will win. There will be some exciting contests in this class under the new rules.

Scientific Food to Make Children Grow Big and Strong.

Berlin, April 2.—The experiments of Dr. Springer regarding the improvement of the human race have been and are being discussed with deep earnestness.

The whole affair is asserted to be an answer to the questions, "How to Make Children Grow?" and "Is it possible to aid nature in producing large specimens of humanity in the same manner as various races have been improved by appropriate breeding and hygienic feeding?"

In a recent conversation with a physician who assisted in Dr. Springer's experiments, I found there was much basis for the earnest consideration the matter is receiving.

"Dr. Springer," said the physician, "far from believing in the hue and cry of the alleged increasing degeneracy of the human frame, has for years advocated the opinion that science was bound to find ways and means for adding to the health and strength and the increase in size or stature of the human race by natural process.

"The matter of growth, he calculated, is a complicated phenomenon not easily explained to the ordinary mind. It would, therefore, be useless, from a practical point of view, to turn inventive facilities in the direction of pre-natal influence. The general run of parents will not understand the importance, or even the value of precautionary measures to be taken before the child is born.

"There is still another point. Stature is largely a matter of heredity. This natural factor, which is generally recognized, becomes in popular estimation a subject of prejudice. A small woman married to a man of equal or medium size says to herself: 'How can I become the mother of a child that will be of large size, neither myself nor my husband being of much stature?'

"Dr. Springer accordingly concluded that he must begin his campaign at a point where results manifested themselves even to unthinking people by oar demonstration. The height of the body depends upon the size of the bony structure. Bones are composed of elements in which phosphate and carbonate of lime predominate. With the nervous system, too, phosphates enter into the composite ingredients. Taking these simple and indisputable facts for a basis, Dr. Springer decided that the physical improvement of members of the human race could be accomplished by adding phosphates in a much larger proportion than is now done to the nourishment of children.

"Every medical man knows," says Dr. Springer, "that part of the phosphate abounding in the bones to the extent of 57 per cent of their entire mixture is formed within the organism by action of the brain, but the greater quantity by far was introduced into the body by way of phosphatic food. Where such nourishment is wanting to a pronounced degree, the bones lose their firmness and fractures do not readily unite. Often a constitutional disease known in popular parlance by the name of 'rickets,' and characterized by curvatures of the shafts of

the long-bones of arms and legs, occurs in such cases.

"In Glasgow, for instance, we have examples of this terrible illness where the weight of the body acting on bones not fortified by earthly salts causes them to bend. In children so afflicted the shins are abnormally arched, the ankles are misshapen and the chest is often so affected as to cause pigeon-breast.

"To cure rickets many physicians used to prescribe lime salts, but this treatment having proved generally unsatisfactory, I refused to take it into consideration as a possible means of aiding children's growth by improving their bones.

"With the exception of the ordinary salt, no other phosphates should be taken by man in their natural state, on account of their indigestibility, for these elements become digestible only after their assimilation by plants suitable for human food.

"A long series of experiments has taught me that extracts from cereals, obtainable everywhere, are the best bone builders, and therefore the best children's growth perfectors. Every poor man has access to the most natural remedy, which I herewith announce, at a nominal cost.

"Take two soup-spoonsful each of corn, barley, oats, rye, maize and bran, boil in four quarts of water three hours, allow to cool, and then strain through a sieve. If more than three-quarters of the liquid has evaporated, add enough water to make a quart.

"The yellowish fluid obtained is quite palatable, and its taste may be improved by the addition of milk for children and of cognac or cherry brandy for grown people, these admixtures not in any way interfering with the hygienic virtues of the extract.

"I have experimented with the extracts on animals first, obtaining larger specimens in every case tried. Then I had several children successively placed under my care, and the results surpassed anticipations. The extract proved blood and muscle making, it bettered the nervous system of the body and increased to a remarkable degree the intensity of the growth of bone structure.

"Dr. Springer," continued my informant, "is not a man of theory, content with having pointed out a new natural means of improving the human race. On the contrary, he warns parents against employing it unless at the same time they will take the trouble to give their children the benefit of physical exercise, by which particular limbs, either singly or in combination, are rendered more pliant and stronger. In babies the exercise must take the shape of massage, but as soon as the little ones can walk they must be taught to exert every part of their frame according to the ordinary laws of gymnastics, beginning with elementary movements in order to render every part of the body supple, and gradually developing the several muscles. Naturally, precaution against excessive fatigue should be taken, for that would spoil all.

"Dr. Springer's idea is that the development of the muscles aids that of the bone, the growth of which should correspond with that of all other parts of the body."

HENRY W. FISCHER

The Dirtiest City in the World Is Amoy, China.

Amoy, in southeastern China, possesses the unique distinction of being the dirtiest city in the world. Though as one of the "open ports" it has been in contact with European commerce and civilization for over half a century, aside from the quarter where the foreigners live, the streets reek with filth, and the air is heavy with stenches so poisonous they can be endured by no one but a Chinaman who has been reared among them.

The city of Amoy is on an island of the same name, and possesses one of the finest harbors along the Chinese coast. Some 150 years ago it had a population of over a million, but the latest estimates obtainable say that its inhabitants number hardly a tenth of that now. Properly speaking, here are two cities, an outer and an inner, the latter being a sort of citadel, perched upon some rocky hills and encircled by a massive wall. It is the outer town, which lies along and around the harbor, at the mouth of the Lung Kiang River, which is, for the most part, the paradise of filth and disease.

The streets, in some forgotten dynasty, are said to have been paved with granite, but the accumulation of decades of filth are so deep as to leave this statement open to doubt. The thoroughfare of this Chinese town are even worse from every sanitary point of view than those of the other cities of the empire. They are, on the average, twelve feet in width, but their depth is unknowable, for during the season of the rains they turn to rivers of liquid mud.

In this particular part of the city the ground is fairly level, and an attempt was once made to construct a system of drainage, but vestiges of these drains exist.

At almost every door stands a large vessel, in which offal and everything else offensive to the European eye and nostril is thrown. This is a custom prevailing in nearly every great city of China, and for this reason every Amoy look surprised at the "foreign devil," who, as he enters one of their streets for the first time, grows pale and sick.

In dry weather the streets are deep with fine dust, and the air is quite as badly tainted as during the rainy season, though the quality of some of the most characteristic smells undergoes a slight change. It would not be so bad if there was a chance for the wind to bare full sweep once in a while through these narrow streets, but they are all covered wholly or in part with awnings, which in fair weather keep out the sun, and in the rainy season afford ineffectual protection against the wet, but always prevent the air from circulating freely.

Another thing which makes the atmosphere of the street retain its pollution, no matter how much of a breeze may be moving above the low housetops, is the fact that the streets are tortuous beyond description, their irregularity being made to seem even greater on account of the way

the corners of many of the houses project out into the streets, making a series of sharp turnings necessary for pedestrians. Horses and carriages, of course, are unknown, for there is hardly room, even under the best conditions, for the long files of people to brush past each other.

Much has been written regarding the people who throng the narrow streets of this and other Chinese cities, but one thing that is especially noticeable is the vast number of beggars, the most of whom are afflicted with some sort of repulsive disease. The ammoniacal gases and the ever present foul smells are the cause of many sorts of disgusting maladies, as well as the epidemics of fever, smallpox and other filthy-bred contagious diseases which periodically decimate the dense population.

Next to the people in Amoy streets the most striking thing among living objects is the vast number of dogs. They are all about a foot high, and two feet long, with bristling, pale, dirty yellow or black hair, and tails that curl up high over the back. They cannot run very rapidly, owing to the unusual straightness of their hind legs, which makes their attempts at rapid locomotion seem awkward. They all have black eyes, and all possess this striking peculiarity—the insides of their lips, mouths and tongues are black.

In Amoy, as in other Chinese cities, there are regular markets where dog meat is sold, the animals which supply it being reared expressly for the table. Their flesh is quite expensive, so much so that it is considered a luxury far out of the reach of all but those in good circumstances. These dogs are generally sold alive, in cages, and keep up a frightful yelping, which is accelerated when a customer approaches, for then ensues a thorough pinching and prodding of the poor beast's body to find out if he is tender. They are fed on rice, which fattens them, and is said to give their flesh a delicious flavor. In the same market kitchens are sold alive for food. A black cat or a black dog will always command a higher price among the people of Amoy, because their meat, especially if eaten in midsummer, is supposed to insure health and strength during the year to come.

Despite the fact that many Christian missions have been established, infanticide is still very common in Amoy. Some years ago a Mr. Abel made a thorough investigation. He found that in some places the proportion of female infants murdered annually rose as high as one-third, while the average was one-fourth. One of eight brothers told him that only three girls were left among all their children, sixteen having been killed.

The reasons Chinese parents give for committing these murders are various. The custom is far less prevalent among the rich than it is with the poorer classes, for with the latter the girl child must be sold if the means of the family are not sufficient to dower her richly enough to insure a husband.